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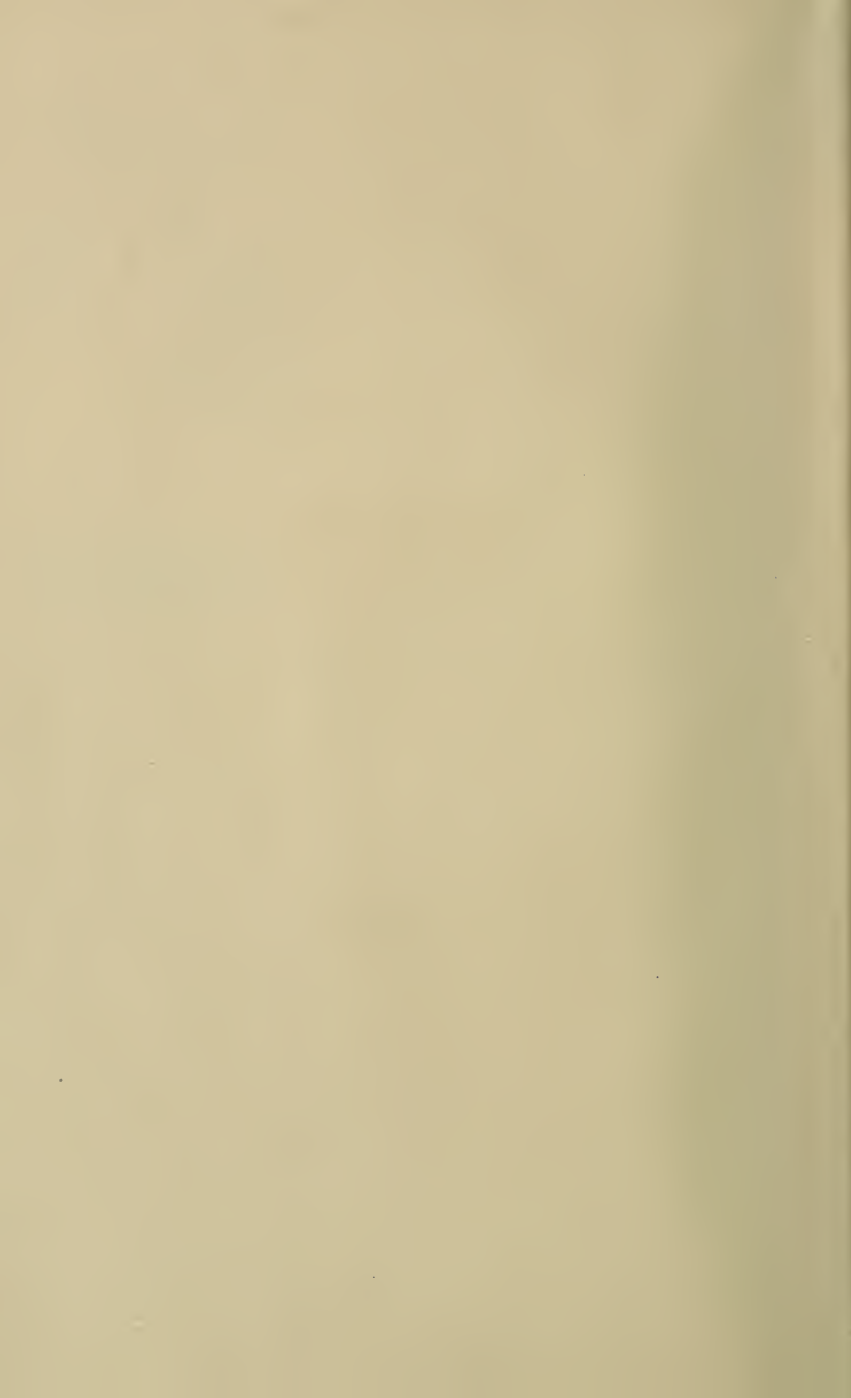
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



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EDITED BY THE  
CLASS OF 1912





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ETCHING

SALT LAKE

PUBLISHING DEPT.



They stand for work and purity,  
The White Rose and the Bee.  
And we maintain that's why God gave  
This class to industry.









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## Class Roll

*Robert H. Thompson*      *Fern Chipman*  
*Lettie Gibson*      *Along German*  
*W. Trautman Bird*  
*Carl N. Knapp*      *William G. Paulson*

Birth. Record.	Good Records
John L. Lymond	Samuel Foster
Wesley Clark	Harold McDonald
'P Taylor	Thelma Roylance
Dean Clark.	Terre Chapman.
Paul M. Patterson.	

Le Grande Hardy  
 Clarence J. Woody  
 George Wash  
 Robert Anderson  
 James Peterson  
 George Taylor  
 W. Beck  
 R. Mott  
 Joseph Wootton  
 Thomas J. Mason  
 Anna Mason  
 George W. P. Mason

Eunice Robinson  
 Leslie H. Haggard  
 Hattie Keeler  
 Brian Parkinson  
 Fred Day  
 Mary Phillips  
 Eunice Robinson  
 Hazel Storchaker

Marie S. Sturup  
 Charlie Reed Los Anchos H<sub>2</sub>O  
 Clara French

Grant Clark  
D. Luke Spurlin

Marquette Stewart  
Cyril Tippett  
Robert J. Neel

Anderson  
Montgomery  
Smith & Co.

Einar Anderson  
 Virginia Dushert  
 Eileen Madson.

three F. Brewster  
David Hibbert  
Ellie Cohnov

De Lichu Booth  
Ila Hawks  
Edna Pauls

and 14 runs  
Caldwell  
14. fern.  
14. fern.

Myrtle J.  
Philly St  
Aurilla  
Markam

the Base  
Bingham  
Hafew

Public  
Chgo  
Oliver  
Ellis

Stewart  
Smith  
Wilson  
Brookline

Retired  
James R.  
Southfield V.  
Halla V.

Nichols.  
 Alling  
 Taylor  
 Jones

June 15  
 Florence  
 Ora C  
 Chris  
 and

Wright.  
Meller  
ott &  
A

W. H. H. H.  
B. J. H. H.  
H. J. H. H.  
H. J. H. H.

Jones  
Tolson  
Bleak  
Mace-

Teti  
 Onun  
 Mage Co

elle Stearns  
Mrs. Hinchey  
Prof. G. C. Smith  
Prof. G. C. Smith

Hotchkiss  
Street  
Nettie  
Marquise

Bellings  
 Madam

Gayle  
 Emma  
 Venice  
 Emily

Mrs. Millard  
 Esq.  
 Inhabit  
 of the  
 of the

Sadie  
 Blanch  
 Eliza H.  
 Lucie K.

Bingham  
Cooler  
Hatcher

Alice Whot  
 J. H. Hutton/ El  
 Glenn Johns  
 Valentine, 200

Partha Cameron.  
6 egg

Myrtle Kirkham  
Elfie Bear.  
Belle Wilson.

Milton Chuzzleton  
De Vere Childs  
O. F. Mudgett

Marie Bonnet  
Paul Bullack  
Bee Beckett

Wm. B. L. L. L. L.  
R. Taylor



Our class, by thunder, sure is a wonder.





## The Memory Flower

I found it in an old school book,  
This remnant of a scented flower,  
The petals scattered to and fro  
Like many a precious hour.

The time is just like yesterday,  
E'en though the book is worn.  
The brown of time invites decay  
Of petals, leaf and thorn.

I gather all the fragments up  
And form a rose bud here in part  
That represents the old class flower,  
That grows forever in my heart.

And when I close my eyes to sleep,  
The sleep I do not understand.  
I trust that some true friend shall place  
A rose bud in my hand.

A friend that symbols all the rest  
That I once learned to love and know  
To be among the very best  
That God could e're bestow.

E. H. EASTMOND

# CLASS SONG

WORDS BY ELIZA HAYES

MUSIC BY KATIS CHIPMAN

In the gem of our nation, there's a school for in-for-ma-tion. It's our dear old B<sup>Y</sup>  
 They're a leader that's a-maz-ing. With as-sist-ants that in this-ing, Oh you'll win if you're a

U Twelve. Where the stu-dents are the win-ners. Since they start-ed as be-gin-ers. And they  
 You get help from all the lead-ers. And sup-port from all the mem-bers. So what

climb-ing up-ward with an end in view. In this band of happy  
 more could students ask to cheer them up. We are here for work and

work-ers that's the 12's without one shirk-er go-ing up-ward, up-ward till they reach the top  
 Knowledge And we're going to the col-lege. And we'll al-ways love our dear old White and Blue

They're not out for fame and glo-ry But they sim-ply tell a story of the  
 There's a bar-rier ev-er wav-ing High a-bove us while we're striv-ing now

way that work-ers climb and do not stop  
 win a vict-ry for the P Y U.

## Class Poem

Come we now, O! Alma Mater,  
Dearest Mother, fond and true,—  
And around thy feet we gather  
To say that last sweet word "adieu".

Gone our happy days of high school,  
With each sorrow, joy and flower,  
But memory's wand shall ever follow  
And make them fresh as in this hour.

And before we leave thee, Mater,  
While we linger at thy feet,  
On our brows laurels of favor,  
On thy dear face approval sweet,

Still one favor more we're craving,  
You will grant it, well we know,—  
Watch and guide and bless the "Twelves"  
On whatever path they go.

Dearest Mater, we shall never  
Forget thee, nor unfaithful be,  
Long the years, or great the distance  
Cannot sever us from thee.

Yes, dear school bless the "Twelves,"  
As from thy loving home they part,  
May their names for aye be written  
And cherished in thy Mother heart.

—Katie Chipman





## lass History

"Hello, Clark! Is Jones coming for commencement week?"

"Yes, he'll be here tomorrow for the '12s exercises. He was here at school three years ago, and entered with the '12s. I'm going to show him around and introduce him to all his old friends. Don't suppose he'll know them all after being away for three years. You know, students do change here from the time they enter school till they graduate. I've seen some of the biggest rubes come up here and by the time they graduate their own mother wouldn't know them, if she hadn't seen them for four years."

"Why, there's—oh, gee! there's the bell, and I'll have to go. I'll see you at the exercises tomorrow."

College hall was filled when Clark and his friend Jones came in. All the '12s H. S. were seated on the rostrum. The President arose and began his flowery address.

"Say, Clark, who's that?"

"Well, Jones, I thought you'd remember Briant Stringham. He's the President of the class and one of the classy fellows of the school."

"Come, now, you don't mean that that's Bri Stringham. Why, I used to know him when he first came to school. He had a big baby face and couldn't talk about anything but sheep. His

arms used to swing a foot out of his coat sleeves, and his trousers were high water style. Oh, say, and he used to wear a big red tie and a blue shirt."

"He certainly has straightened out to graduate President of his class."

"Who did you say the Vice-President was?"

"Lottie Gibson."

"Um, her—Well—a form more fair, a face more sweet, never hath it been my lot to meet. Since I saw her before. The first day she came to school, I won't forget soon. She had a big flat bow of pink ribbon that covered the back of her head, and a bright red dress, just below her knees, and you know that innocent look in her baby blue eyes and her loving smile. She had a catalogue in her hand and an entrance card in the other, hunting for the Dean of the College."

"Is that a Prep among the Fourth Years?"

"Fred Taylor? Well, he hasn't improved the race much in size. He used to be the mascot for the First Years. Suppose he is as enthusiastic about yellow headed girls as ever. Had to have a contrast, he said."

"Say, that's a swell girl at the piano. She must have entered since I left."

"Merline Roylance! Well, that's not so hard to believe as the rest. We all said she would make a musician when she used to dance the barn dance on the pavement on the way to school and be late for English."

"That's Erma Fletcher over there, and Elfie Bean. They had to get some one to write jokes about them and get them printed in the White and Blue, so they would become popular with the basket ball boys. You know all the girls are foolish over the basket ball boys. I guess it's their uniforms. I was at a picture show the other night and heard a '12 girl say: 'Oh, those dear soldiers; I don't blame a girl for falling in love with them; they have such cute uniforms.'"

"Who's that rosy cheeked boy?"

"Well, that doesn't look like Clarence Woods to me. He was a mate for Bri Stringham when he entered school. Clarence didn't need shortening and he had a pair of socks his mother knit striped with red and green. He always liked the girls and thought he would make a good domestic science teacher. He used to carry the dishes for them, fix tables, wash dishes, until Miss Ward thought he was about the handiest boy in school. If we ever had any punch at the parties he had to dip. From the bunch of girls he's sitting among, I should judge he was still dippy."

"I guess you remember Hazel Macdonald?"

"Well, I guess yes; she will never be whiter when she is dead than she was the day she entered this school. You know she was just a little seedy country kid—never had been away from her mother before. After registering for one and a half units, told President Brimhall she did not care to take devotional because she had such a heavy course already. After paying her tuition she went up to Janitor Higgs, showed him her admit card and asked where in the building she would find the number of her room—560."

"Who's that fellow on the end of the first row?"

"I should think you would remember that Chancy Baird."

"I thought I would, too, but wonders will happen. Chancy and I entered school the same day. I run on to him in the hall with his hat held fast in both hands. We were both frightened to death, and decided to hunt the President's office together. I grabbed hold of his hand and we went in. President Brimhall looked us over from under his spectacles and said, 'Well, young men, what do you want to take?'

"'Theology, please,' said Chance. President Brimhall has considered him a good boy ever since."



# Retrospection in 1916

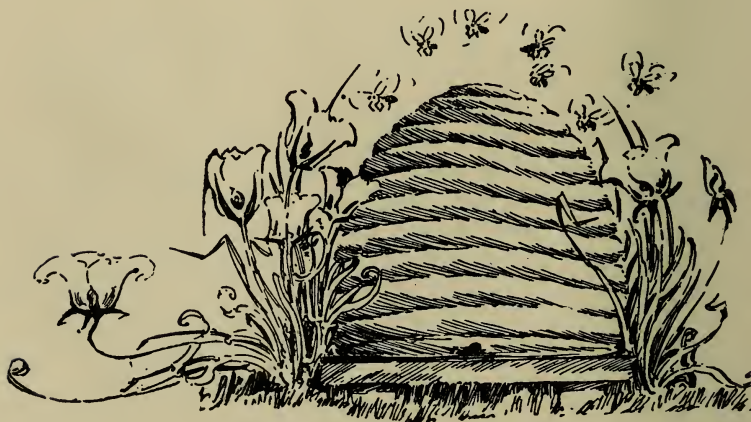
The Twelve is a man who worked for years to get hours, and then felt weak for days and was in a daze for weeks. He represented a new species in natural history, in as much as he was a goat with a sheep's skin. And unhappily, in just such proportion as he failed to qualify for the sheepskin, the more certain he was to qualify for the goat.

The Twelve worked for what he got, but he didn't always get what he worked for. It depended on what the Faculty thought, and heaven knows what they depended on for their thinking.

The 12 went out into the cruel world, and he left behind him his girl and his creditors. The former promised to write often, and the latter kept the promise. Somebody else usually kept the girl. He found that the unappreciative world turned its back on him, and he was left to shift for himself. His treasured accomplishments of student days, ranging from the basket ball squad to the dancing club or the debating team, seemed scarcely to supply him with those credentials which are sought by grouchy employers of labor. Before the 12 graduated, he was worried as to whether to accept the position of a bank cashier or a district attorney, but no such problems ever disturb him after he departed from his Alma Mater. His chief worry then was that he couldn't get a good job shoveling snow in July or August.

And yet, after all, it was a great four years. The 12 can afford to be retrospective.

A crusade against slang has been instituted in the University. This is a pious idea, as students too easily slip into the habit of handing out a punk line of guff, and if the profs would put the roughnecks wise they would cut it out in no time. Take any bunch of college yaps—they are sent to college to get a little horse sense in their beans. But when they bunch up, the language they use is enough to make whiskers grow on the bald head of intellectual progress.





# lass Chronology

**Oct. 30th, 1908—**

The 12's High School class organized. Harry Phillips, President, and Elfie Bean, Vice-President, supported by an enthusiastic staff and 250 members.

**Nov. 25th, 1908—**

The 11's challenged the 12's for a tug of war across the mill race. They acknowledged their ducking by entertaining their victors at a grand ball, in the evening.

**Dec. 20th, 1908—**

The first number of that series of parties which have caused the school life of every 12 to be filled with joy, held in the old social hall.

**Feb. 16th, 1909—**

Second election of the 12's H. S. gave the following results: President, Ray Fitzgerald; First Vice, Elfie Bean; Second Vice, Bernard Nash.

**April 17th, 1909—**

The 12's carried the day in field and track. When the base ball season for 1908-1909 came to a close, the First Years had possession of the pennant.

The constitution of the class was written by Harry Phillips, Einar Anderson, Hazel Petterson, LaRue Farnsworth, Jesse Higgins.

**Sept. 23d, 1909—**

The 12's elected Ray Fitzgerald to the presidency, with Erma Fletcher and Vern Greenwood as the Vice-Presidents.

**Oct. 16th, 1909—**

Founder's day, 1909, the 12's walked off the campus with all the badges of honor.

**Nov. 6th, 1909—**

A hand-shake and general get-acquainted social was held in the "Prep. Study."

**Nov. 30th, 1909—**

Ray Fitzgerald resigned the office of President, and Bernard Nash was chosen to fill the vacancy.

**Jan. 15th, 1910—**

In the place where the circus boys play, was given a dance that will be remembered as long as there is a 12 in existence.

**April 30th, 1910—**

The students took a day off and visited Spring Dell.

**May 26th, 1910—**

The 12's held their farewell party on the lawn of their dear old school.

**Sept. 23d, 1910—**

The third semi-annual election was held. Ray Fitzgerald was chosen President, with Clarence Woods and Ethel Nuttal as helpmates.



**Oct. 16, 1910—**

The Founder's Day laurels again descended upon the plucky 12's team.

**Oct. 28, 1910—**

The memory of the 1910 Hallowe'en party is as sweet as the wild bee's honey.

**Nov. 10, 1910—**

The "Sweetening-up" trip to the sugar factory at Lehi.

**Dec. 1st, 1910—**

Ethel Nuttal resigned the office of Vice-President, and Hazel Macdonald was elected to take her place.

**Dec. 23d, 1910—**

A well remembered Christmas festival in the gymnasium.

**Feb. 3, 1911—**

The second election of the third year of the 12's H. S. finally resulted in the electing of Andrew K. Smith as President, Briant Stringham as First, and Merline Roylance, as Second Vice-Presidents.

**March 11, 1910—**

The 12's met in the elaborately decorated Gym. and enjoyed a good old Irish ball.

**May 6, 1911—**

The first Junior H. S. Prom., famously known as the inter-class party.

**May 24, 1911—**

The election in which Briant H. Stringham, Chauncy Baird and Lottie Gibson were chosen as class leaders for 1911-1912.

**Oct. 25, 1911—**

The 12's defeated the College in a flag rush on their own grounds.

**Oct. 28, 1911—**

The Sixth Ward Hall was converted into a Hades. One of the most important events of the evening was the signing of the pledge of fidelity to the class, with the Devil as a witness.

**Nov. 11, 1911—**

"The banquet and skating party of the 12's was a wonder and all had a dandy time."

**Dec. 16, 1911—**

The Christmas party of 1911 in the Sixth Ward Social Hall.

**March 8, 1912—**

The 13's met their Waterloo in the field of mental battle. The affirmative was represented by Irvin Tippetts and James Bullock of the 12's H. S.

**April 19, 1912—**

Inter-class track meet. The 12's at their old game.

**April 24th, 1912—**

We felt sorry for the '15s, but Linton Morgan and Irvin Tippetts felt it their duty to win the Debating Trophy for the class, regardless of sympathy.

**April 26, 1912—**

Bazaar! Concert! Trap!! FUN!!!

**May 3, 4, 1912—**

"The Elopement of Ellen." Opera House.

**May 17, 1912—**

Our RED LETTER DAY.

**May 17th, 1912—**

"Bon Voyage" Ball. Mozart Hall.

**May 27, 1912—**

Commencement.







PRES. G. H. BRIMALL

President Brimhall has indeed been a **FRIEND** and **FATHER** to us during the few brief but happy years that he has been our guide and inspiration thru High School. As we have endeavored to climb a little higher up the scale of intelligence and culture he has always freely given us counsel that we could not have received from any other source. We feel that we shall always be deeply indebted to him for the spiritual and intellectual gems that he has strewn in our lives. It is our sincere prayer that thru his coming years he may have that greatest of all joys which comes from realizing that he has been a **BENEFACTOR** to his fellowmen.

## Those To Whom We Owe Much

To our teachers who have helped and encouraged us to make the best use of our opportunities while at school. Your influence, dear teachers, has made us realize the necessity of an aim in life.

We have been made to feel with the poet,

“Live for something, have a purpose,  
And that purpose keep in view,  
Sailing like a helmless vessel,  
Thou canst ne’er to self be true,  
Half the wrecks that strew life’s ocean,  
If a star had been their guide  
Might have now been rowing safely,  
But they drifted with the tide.”

May we as members of the class of 1912 H. S. show our sincere gratitude and appreciation to you our worthy teachers for your earnest, untiring efforts, by endeavoring to bless humanity as we go through life with that which you have so nobly helped us to gain.



## The Graduate

The gentle rays of springtime's sun  
 Fall on his tired but happy brow.  
 He knows at last the goal is won—  
 Hard was the fight; what cares he now,  
 The weary years of toil are o'er,  
 And labor done, if sacrifice  
 Of days that shall return no more.

While comrades followed mid-night joys,  
 He has tiresome texts prepared;  
 Not tempted he to join the boys;  
 No passing gain his heart ensnared—  
 But now, his credits all complete,  
 He holds that document so rare;  
 With blissful heart he waits to greet  
 The friends whose kindness placed him there—  
 The coming of those friends he waits  
 Whom God and Nature make most dear;  
 And he their joy anticipates  
 On hearing of their son's career.

This is the springtime of his life!  
 This is his Commencement Day!  
 The years of never ceasing strife  
 Have, like the winter, passed away.  
 He stands beneath a sky most blue,  
 The songs of birds fall on his ears,  
 And meditations deep review  
 The histories of bygone years.

He dreams of papers oft returned  
 With B's where he expected A's;  
 Remembers how his proud heart yearned  
 For just one kindly word of praise;  
 For he is not a genius who,  
 Like lightning through the stormy skies,  
 Glitters once a brilliant hue  
 And, with that flash, forever dies—  
 In his early life surpassed  
 His classmates and reached marvelous fame  
 Of short duration that did last  
 Scarce longer than the drummer's game  
 Of love, which ends the day begun:  
 No, he is like that light which breaks  
 With patience the dark clouds, the sun—  
 That great celestial fire which makes  
 The whole earth glow with wondrous light:  
 Through opposition he has fought,  
 By constant labor day and night,  
 Until at last his pains have brought  
 The long contended prize—success;  
 While they, who brighter far than he,  
 Have been through their own carelessness  
 Lost in that great and unknown sea  
 Of failure, where the whitened bones  
 Of many a gallant sailor lay  
 Who lacked the courage to go on.

Thus passed the months of school away,  
 And summer came when they were gone—  
 Sweet summer that vacation brings

To weary students, days of rest.  
 In woodlands green where the wild bird sings  
 They seek the life they love the best.

Did he, dismissing all his care,  
 Enjoy these pleasures with his friends?  
 Did he the useless pastimes share  
 To which our folly ever tends?  
 Ah, no! indulgence in those joys,  
 For which his heart no doubt did long,  
 He did refrain, and left the boys  
 To glory in their happy song,  
 And on the lonely deserts drear,  
 Where coyotes give their mid-night yell,  
 And serpents vile are ever near,  
 And life seems little more than hell—  
 He watched the sheep both night and morn,—  
 And listened to their mocking call,  
 Until it seemed those baas forlorn  
 Were echoed from the mountains all;  
 Or, in the tunnels of mines dark,  
 Where soft daylight is never known;  
 By flickering candle he did work  
 To dig out riches not his own;  
 Else perchance his better fate  
 The duties of a clerk him gave,  
 To smile, and with false patience wait  
 While ladies planned a cent to save;  
 He may have had a farmer's hire,  
 And through the hot day drove the team—  
 No matter what he did, 'tis sure  
 He worked, that when the autumn came,  
 He might return to school once more—  
 He worked to gain a worthy name—  
 He worked to please his parents poor.

Thus he stands and meditates  
 On this the day of his success,  
 While for those loved ones he waits—  
 Waits for a mother's fond caress.  
 Well earned, this pleasure, my brave youth!  
 Enjoy the bliss thy toil has made.  
 'Tis ever, when we fight for truth,  
 That fate will see us well re-paid.

These are the hardships memory brings  
 In grand procession 'fore his eyes;  
 But are there not some happy things?  
 Did not his school bring else, but sighs?  
 Why, yes, of course, most joyous hours  
 Were spent within the dear old walls—  
 He dreams of dances, shows, and showers,  
 Theaters grand, and basket balls,  
 Athletics, how his class excelled,  
 Of trips, and parties by the score,  
 Of sweethearts fair whose eyes compelled  
 His heart to love—all these, and more,  
 Have filled his college days with fun:  
 And now, he comes to say good-by,  
 He fain would wish them just begun,  
 And leaves his class-room with a sigh.

—Flossia.



Our Chaperones



Leona Billings, Salt Lake City



Hattie Walker, Provo



Briant H. Stringham, Vernal

At last the time has come for saying good-bye to the dear old B. Y. U. High School and to the many friends that we have learned to love. We are loath to leave the happy home where four of the happiest years of our lives have been spent, still we are moving on to higher things and making room for those who are to follow.

True, there is a sense of sorrow in the reflection that many of us have come to the parting of the ways to meet no more until in that Great Beyond, yet joy fills our hearts for having known these many stalwart souls, and even though we may never meet again our friendships will live on forever, and will always be a source of inspiration to our lives.

As class president I have found my duties a pleasure. Never was there such a class of real supporters. I have learned to love the many big souls that it has been my good fortune to come in contact with, and I only regret that we cannot continue to live the same united family we now are.

Now, fellow classmates, we are going out to represent world wide our dear old Alma Mater, which has won international fame as a character builder. We MUST hold up the family name of the school by doing carefully and faithfully our whole life's work. Let every act be fathered by a righteous purpose. Our greatness will lie in our goodness. We MUST value our characters. We MUST have a keen sense of honor. We MUST be honest, upright, and straight forward. We MUST be mindful of duty, not allured by show. Show paints the hypocrite's face and wags the liar's tongue. Graduates from God's school, presided over by God's servants, must do all these things and more to represent aright our Church, the Board of Education, the Faculty, and the Presidency in their true light.

"What must I do to be forever known?"

"Thy duty ever."

B. H. S.





Lottie Gibson, Provo



Chauncey Baird, Provo



Earl H. Greenhalgh, Scofield



Melvin G. Paulson, Sanford



Hazel Macdonald, Kanab



Fern Chipman, American Fk



Jesse R. Higgins, Cowley, Wyo.



Orel Wilson, Vernal



Hiram Clark, Provo



Merline Roylance, Provo



Dean Clark, Provo



Clarence J. Woods, Provo





Earl M. Patterson, St. Johns, Ariz.



Vern Greenwood, Central



Joseph Wooten, Amer. F'k



Mary Shelley, Shelley, Ida.



Wm. D. Holt, Spanish Fork



Lynn Fausett, Price





Alice Wrathall, Grantsville



Frank Winn, Nephi



Elsie Bean, Provo



Andrew K. Smith, Salt Lake



Erma Fletcher, Provo



Valentine Larson, Mt. Pleas't



Kenneth Decker, Provo



Bee Beckstead, Am. Falls, Ida.



James A. Bullock, Provo



Henry O. Hendrickson, Levan



Florence Green, American Fork



Sadie Mitchell, American Fork





Edna Paulson, Sanford, Colo.



Robert W. Nesbit, Provo



Myrtle Jones, Provo



Lester Taylor, Provo



Vivian Parkinson, Preston, Ida.



Nellie Taylor, Provo





Joseph Walton, Amer. Fork



Stella Olson, Mt. Pleasant



Samuel Bleak, St. George



Venice Clark, Provo



Earl O. Anderson, Mayfield



Gerald W. Berry, St. Johns, Ariz.



Carlie Redd, Grayson



D. D. McArthur, St. George



Effie Redd, Grayson



Albert Anderson, St. Johns, Ariz.



Zora Colton, Vernal



Florence Billings, Provo



Liza Hindley, American Fork



Garner J. Jensen, Mt. Pleasant



Katie Chipman, American Fk







Leo Freshwater, Provo



Glenn Johnson, Provo



Ellen Anderson, Lake Shore





Emily Anderson, Provo



Reid Persson, Eureka



Minerva Hinckley, Provo



DeVere Childs, Orangeville



Fern Green, American Fork



Blanch Childs, Springville



Marian Andelin, Provo



D. Leslie Spilsbury, Toquerville



Ireta Pace, Richardson



Le Grande Hardy, Provo



Martha Glazier, Provo



Anna Newell, Provo





Lothield Young, Provo



A. E. Johnson, Lovell, Wyo.



Alonzo Jerman, Santaquin



Vern O. Knudsen, Provo



Nettie Tanner, Payson



Ila Hawks, Ogden





Grant Clark, Farmington



Clara Finch, Provo



Orrin Baird, Provo



Ella Hafen, Santa Clara



Irvin Tippetts, Lake Shore



Linton Morgan, St. John, Ariz.



Relva Booth, Provo



Bernard Nash, Salem



DeLilah Booth, Provo



Rozella Storrs, American F'k



Thomas E. Caldwell, Vernal



Elmarion Nicholes, Am. F'k





J. Ellis Black, Haden, Idaho



Gertrude Collett, Vernal



Roll Pritchett, Fairview





Lloyd B. Brown, Amer. F'k



Annie Millard, Oakley, Idaho



Eunice Robinson, Oakley



Ethel Taylor, Provo



Kenneth Roylance, Springville



Isabelle Wilson, Midway



Harry Philips, Provo



Einar Anderson, Salt Lake



Wm. U. Schofield, Provo



Charles Miller, Farmington



Evelyn Madsen, Lake View



Elmer Colby, Salina



Rolan Tietjen, Santaquin



Hattie Keeler, Provo



Florence Duffin, Provo





Heber R. Taylor, Provo



Lucile Knowlden, Provo



Arael Day, Provo



Ray Gardner, Salem



Edna Bingham, Vernal



Keren Bingham, Vernal



Olive Hicken, Heber



Joseph F. Smith, Snowflake



Mazie Campbell, Heber



E. Milton Christensen, Shelley Ida.



Eliza Hayes, Clear Creek



Myrtle Kirkham, Lehi





Maude Hibbert, Union, Ore.



W. C. Pack, Provo



Jennie Larson, Monroe





Minerva Mace, Provo



Agnes Stewart, Tooele



Zeraldo N. Nielson, Monroe



Hazel Stonebraker, Hoytsville



Fred W. Clegg, Heber



Christa Prescott, Kamas



Samuel Trotter, Goshen



Hazel Peterson, Redmond



Lucy Goodrich, Vernal



Marguerite Stewart, Provo



Arthur F. Crowther, Provo



Lucile Stewart, Provo





Jas. C. Whittaker, Circleville



Vella Billings, Vernal



Aurilla McKee, Vernal





Hazel Bown, Fayette



Walter Anderson, Spanish F'k



Tola Wright, Nephi



George Parson, Koosharem



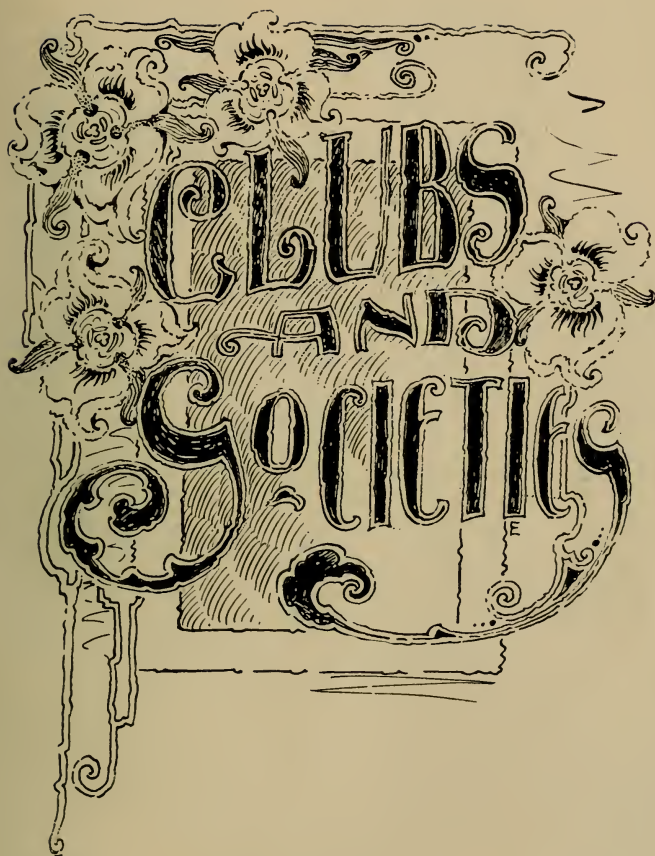
B. Y. Baird, Provo



Niels Bastian, Washington













MASTER BUILDERS



Here's to the lady with courage & d<sup>o</sup>,  
The tutoring of this MYSTER<sup>ious</sup>  
Crew.







Our Basket Ball Boys.





Some little gleers went to England,  
Some little gleers to Rome;  
Some little gleers went to Germany,  
But these little gleers stayed home.





Our Orchestra of international renown.



12's H. S. "Faculty."



# The Dramatic Club

**Synopsis:** June Haverhill, a young college girl, who is making special investigation for economic courses during the summer, poses as a servant girl, and comes to work for Mrs. Richard Ford. (June is called Ellen.) On her arrival she discovers that Mrs. Ford is the sister of her old sweetheart, Robert Shephard, who promises to keep the secret.

Dorothy Marck, a guest of Mrs. Ford, is engaged to Max Ten Eyck, a chum of Robert's, the result of an inducement of a rich aunt.

June and Max had also previously known each other. After some association and misunderstanding between the two couples, it finally resulted in the elopement of Ellen. (June and Rob.)

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

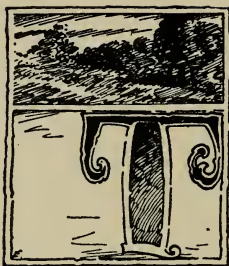
Richard Ford (a devoted husband) . . . . Joseph Wootten (Jay)  
Molly (his wife) . . . . . Valentine Larson (Val)  
Robert Shepard (Molly's brother) . . . . . Samuel Bleak (Sam)  
Dorothy Marck (guest) . . . . . Elfie Bean (Dot)  
June Haverhill (Wellesley '06, investigating for economic  
course) . . . . . Stella Olson (Tillie)  
John Hume (Rector of St. Agnes) . . . . DeVere Child (Shortie)

These noble characters have put forth their best efforts to make our little play a success, and it certainly has proven such.

They have been under the direction of Mrs. Freda B. Cluff, a well qualified trainer, and their enthusiastic manager, Clarence J. Woods. How could it help being a success?

Those who were fortunate enough and who thoroughly enjoyed this production from the '12s H. S. class were the people of Benjamin, Alpine, Heber, Provo Third Ward and the B. Y. University.





## Boasts to the Class by the Class

Here's to the class of 1912;  
'Tis one of firm foundation.  
May other classes learn to delve,  
To gain such a reputation.

Here's to our colors so noble,  
The dear and true Blue and White;  
Which we students have cherished and  
honored,  
Which has guided us on through the  
fight.

**"Bri"**

Here's to our head, the President,  
The Worker, the Winner—all three.  
As successful as in his school work  
May his life's path always be.  
May the years that shall follow hereafter,  
Find Briant still leading a crew  
That will prove to be as loyal  
As the Twelves of the dear B. Y. U.

Briant Stringham. Normal and High School.

**"Jeff"**

Lottie Gibson. Commercial Arts and Manual Training.  
Second in order, but not in degree,  
Comes a lady of noted renown.  
Though the town, the state, or the world be searched,  
Better vice president could never be found.  
Then here's to Miss Gibson, a lady of fame.  
In the future hats doffed, boys, when you hear her name.  
It may be said of Miss Gibson that she has a smile for every joy, a  
tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every  
fault, a prayer for every misfortune, and an encouragement for every  
(boy) hope.

**"Chance"**

Chauncey Baird.

Of bad things past he never heeds,  
Nor ills that are a century old.  
He puts his wits to present needs (sidestepping '13s)  
And what the future shall unfold.

**"Rummy"**

Hyrum Clark. High School.

Here's to the man who has an opinion on every subject and is right  
about nine-tenths of the time.

**To our Chaperones.**

Here's to our chaperones jolly—  
Who're always on the jingle.  
They allow some folly.  
They're not married, but single.  
Here's to the girls—the best ever known,  
Here's to our chaperones—Hattie and Leon.

"Mrs. T."

Oh, yes; there's Orel,  
With music her specialty,  
And strolls her joy.  
If he had not a penny,  
Karl would still be her boy.

Orel Wilson.

"Bud"

Earl Greenhalgh. High School.

Here's to the man who has said,  
"Work hard and live here blithely while you may!  
Tomorrow's life too late is—live today."

"Mark"

M. G. Poulson. Commercial.

He is a friend indeed with all a friend's best virtues shining bright. He is happy with us; does for us what we want, is willing and fully engaged to do all he can for us, and on whom we can rely in all cases.

"Green"

Vern Greenwood.

Here's to the man with jet black hair,  
And eyes of softest blue.  
He's played his game, has won his fame,  
And got his lessons, too.

"Jess"

Jesse Higgins. High School.

Here's hoping to you, Jesse Higgins, that the best day you have seen,  
be worse than the worst that is to come.

"Fritz"

Fred Taylor. High School.

Here's to you, Fritz, hoping that you may live as long as you like and  
have all you like as long as you live (even to Louie).

"John"

Clarence J. Woods. Commercial.

It may be said of Clarence Woods that every inch of him is a man.  
That's saying quite a bit, when there is six feet.

"Chips"

Fern Chipman. Arts and Manual Training.

Here's to the girl who's full of girlish joys,  
Who is loved alike by girls and boys.  
The news to the paper she's always taken.  
Here's hoping in the future she'll ne'er be forsaken.

"Heb"

Heber Taylor. High School.

Says little, but does much. To give a helping hand his greatest pleasure.

"Mrs. Mark"

Zora Colton. Normal.

We all know Zora by her work.  
Zora's the girl that's strictly in it;  
She doesn't lose her head a minute;  
Plays well the game and knows the limit,  
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

"Spindle"

Arthur Crowther. Commercial.

He's another of those Commercials,  
He also plays in the band.  
He says, "While we live, let's live in clover,  
For when we're dead, we're dead all over."

"Chase"

Charles S. Miller.

Lives near Lagoon resort. Spends happy summers. Was a loyal Twelve,  
is a loyal Twelve, and knows by experience that B. Y. U. is best.

- "Niels"** Niels Bastian. High School.  
 Brother of Heinz. A thinker from the shining land of Dixie. Very bashful. Successful farmer, and is going back to show his southern friends where he got the key to success.
- "Sis"** Edna Paulson. Normal.  
 Naught disturbs her placid features,  
 Never troubles she her teachers:  
 Quietly she does each day  
 The work that lies along her way.
- "Dimples"** Clara Finch. Normal.  
 Clara, as we all know, never says—I can't. But there's one thing she's fearful of, and that's converting Grant (C).
- "Socrates"** Rolen Tietjen. High School.  
 Here's to the Santaquin pride, and his good looks. For a greater philosopher you will need search a liegen. We compliment Santaquin on their fine product.
- "Rilla"** Aurilla McKee. Normal.  
 Here's to "Rilla," who's always as busy as a bee.  
 She has learned at school the teacher's rule,  
 And intends to apply it next year.  
 We wish her success in the end.
- Myrtle Jones.  
 It's hard to tell what Myrtle will do.  
 But whatever she does she will be faithful and true.
- Florence Billings. Normal.  
 Here's to Miss Billings, who is generous to all. Her soul is one of sunshine. To all who know Florence, she is a faithful friend. Success awaits her in her art work.
- Lucy Goodrich.  
 She is one who few people know. Fewer know how much she knows.  
 For she is modest and mild wherever she goes.
- "Afa"** Albert F. Anderson. Commercial.  
 Here's to a man that's worth while,  
 Has a pleasant way and a pleasant smile.  
 We all know he is a worker—  
 Where is there a Twelve that's a shirker?
- "Vella"** Vella Billings. Normal.  
 Here's to our sweet Vella Billings,  
 A student who is always willing.  
 She is a girl of deeds and will help where there is need,  
 For her kindness has a restless charm.
- Olive Hicken. Normal.  
 The true "Golden Locks" of the Normal School. Her smiles make you welcome whenever you call. Spanks kids sometimes.
- Alonzo Jerman.  
 Never in a hurry. Never excited. Never knows there is a point at issue.  
 Jerman will get there if he is a little late, there is no doubt.
- "Carl"** Carlle Redd. Normal.  
 An efficient trainer. She, however, doesn't intend to teach all her life.  
 On her motto is—Not that I love training less, but that I love boys more.

**"Leader"**

W. D. Holt. Music.

He is old enough to be a philosopher, and has acknowledged Caruso as a rival.

**"B"**

Bee Beckstead. Normal.

This Bee is a good "queener." Makes smiles a specialty. Firm believer in love; that is, she has never been disappointed.

**"H-2-O"**

Leo R. Freshwater.

Fresh-H-2-O always. Coming up with a smile. Good class member.

Motto: Never be late for class. The most punctual student in school?

**"Mitch"**

Sadie Mitchell. Normal.

Known better as Dave's sister. Loyal class worker and good student. Expects to teach a while, then get married or go to college.

**"Ann"**

Annie Millard. High School.

Annie has been with us only this year, but that makes us regret that we didn't have her with us before. She adds one more to the illustrious number from Idaho. Her blue eyes and fair complexion strike terror to all the boys.

**"Lynn"**

Lynn Fausett. Arts and Manual Training.

Lynn is specializing in Art. Prof. Eastmond says he will make a second Raphael. His "rep" in school has been of the best both socially and mentally, and his genial nature makes him one of the foremost in all class undertakings.

**"Brig"**

B. Y. Balrd.

Brig is making a sacrifice to get an education. He is one of those who realize the value of the golden moments. Perhaps a wife and baby are a strong stimulus that keeps him climbing.

**"I'll"**

Ila Hawks. Normal.

She is attractive and is one of those who go to make our girls the best-looking aggregate yet assembled.

**"Milt"**

E. Milton Christensen.

He's a fellow who does things in the construction line. He first gets an idea, then puts a foundation under it. He believes talk and girls a nuisance. He is destined to be one of Idaho's leading engineers.

**"Belle"**

Isabelle Wilson.

Though she's a commercial, and trained to set rules,  
Her heart is as priceless as the most precious jewels:  
From her deep eyes of brown that encouraging smile  
Gladdens our hearts, and makes life worth while.

**"Our Singer"**

Anna Newell. Music.

The gods are very much in love with Anna on account of her voice. She, however, prefers Brownies to gods. We wish her success even if the gods are against her.

**"Nell"**

Nellie Taylor.

Nellie has no enemies—but she has a mania for boys with red hair. She has other sterling qualities as well.

**"Lucile"**

Lucile Stewart. High School.

A jolly good friend. One of those girls who can't make her hair behave.

Effie Redd.

Here's to the little senorita from the land of sunshine, flowers and fiery Spaniards. She loves to watch basket ball and wrestling, but in her heart is a real home maker, for she is studying Domestic Science, Dress-making, and music. May the sunshine in her heart brighten others as it has ours.

- "Tommie"** Lucile Knowlden.  
Lucile is the girl who does things. A good student, who has a definite aim, and will make a success in all she undertakes to do.
- "Joe"** Joseph Walton.  
Here's to Joe with his dimples. He loves all the girls, but they all try in vain—he has a steady in his own home town. A good student and always busy.
- "Jill"** Liza Hindley. Normal.  
A "garnerer" of knowledge. May you always be as popular, amiable, and successful as you have been at school.
- "Hagellago"** Vern O. Knudsen. High School.  
May you "survey" the world as well as you have your class.
- Gerald W. Berry.  
One who believes in getting at the bottom of things. May success always attend you.
- "Sam"** Samuel Bleak. High School.  
Our popular band master. May you play the horn of fortune as well as the cornet.
- "Tom"** Thos. E. Caldwell. High School.  
A worthy seeker after knowledge. May your efforts ever be bounteously rewarded.
- "Snif"** Grant Clark. High School.  
A grind from the word go. May your success in life be similar to your success at school.
- "Ken"** Kenneth Decker.  
His name describes him fully. May you Bee-come an athlete of great renown.
- Ray Gardner. Arts and Manual Training.  
May you plan and build many mansions, and may they be filled with baritone music.
- "Cleopatra"** Martha Glazier. Music.  
May the eyes of Apollo ever watch o'er thee, that thy desires may be achieved.
- "Smiles"** Myrtle Kirkham. Normal.  
The mildest manners with the bravest mind.
- "Spills"** Marian Andelin. High School.  
Quiet and unassuming. Believes in getting all that is possible out of school without telling anybody about it.
- "Kim"** Ireta Pace. Normal.  
"Tis beauty that doth make women proud,  
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired."
- "Val"** Valentine Larsen. Arts and Manual Training.  
She thinks a little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men. As merry as a cricket.
- "Hat"** Hattie Keeler.  
She keeps things on the move all the time, and is an antidote for quietude.



- "Glenn"** Glenn Johnson. Arts and Manual Training.  
Smiles a specialty; advises every one to work cheerfully, and practices what she preaches.
- "Flossia"** Frank Winn.  
Frank is our Flossia, of whom we are proud. He's a worker, a sticker and in fame shall be shroud. We see him go quietly, unassuming on his way. We expect to read Flossia's great works some day.
- "Izzy"** Erael Day.  
Was from Sanpete, now from Kissville. Rather quiet but not bashful. Is an athlete and a talented musician that the band cannot do without. Ambitious, still climbing, and continually smiling.
- "Smiles"** Merline Roylance. Music.  
"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased  
With the melting airs of martial, brisk or grave,  
Some chord in unison with that we hear  
Is touched within us when she plays."
- "Fussy"** Jay Wooten. High School.  
Honorary member of the "Fusser's Club." He sluffs, but still he works—at least, he thinks so. Always says, does and wears the right thing at the right time; in fact, "he is the very pink of courtesy."
- "Tack"** Karen Bingham.  
Our envy and wonder, always hitting exams high in the chest. Yet calm and graceful withal, with a congenial smile for everyone.
- "Dan Patch"** Samuel Trotter. High School.  
Always digging. Knows what he has done. Pleasant as a morning in June. Entered as a Twelve; is a Twelve; and goes out as a Twelve.
- "Hen"** Henry O. Hendricksen.  
Represents Levan, Juab County. Began High School, now Commercial. Doesn't tell all he knows in a minute. Keeps his secrets from all except one. May live in American Fork.
- "Kittie"** Kate Chipman. Music.  
Here's to our dear Kit, who involves the whole class in one big conspiracy of love. Calm and graceful, with a congenial smile for everyone.
- Hazel Stonebraker. High School.  
She likes to talk as well as anyone,  
But generally waits till work is done.
- "Jellis"** J. Ellis Black.  
We do not what we ought,  
What we ought not we do;  
And lean upon the thought  
That chance will bring us through.
- "Viv"** Vivian Parkinson. Arts and Manual Training.  
Royal hearted and true; queenly splendor tempered with every-day common sense.
- Agnes Stewart.  
Good-natured and pleasant, with just enough of temper to relieve monotony.

- "Eve"** Evelyn Madson. Normal.  
A sunny-haired princess who is free from most of the faults common to the human race, and takes Training as if she really liked it.
- "Stel"** Gertrude Collett. High School.  
Gushing, sparkling Irish wit, coupled with Yankee git-up and git.
- "Mle. de Musset"** Emily Anderson. Music.  
She has a voice of gladness and a smile. She is as constant as the stars that never vary.
- "Penobscott"** Le Grande Hardy. High School.  
"I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant or more valiant young,  
More daring or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with gentle, noble deeds."
- Erma Fletcher. Normal.  
"As a violet she droops her bashful brow,  
But from her heart sweet incense fills the air;  
So rich within, so pure without, art thou,  
With modest mien and soul of virtue rare."
- "Ef"** Ethel Taylor. Music.  
Nature was here so lavish of her store  
That she bestow'd until she had no more.
- Mazie Campbell. Arts and Manual Training.  
"Sincerity's her chief delight,  
The darling pleasure of her mind.  
Oh, that I could to her invite  
All the whole race of human kind."
- "Robin"** Walter Anderson. Commercial.  
"Now, there's that big Walt Anderson. He's all Commercial. He'll show you how to sell a 2c for a dime. I believe he'll be a cashier, too. He never cracked a smile nor broke a reputation."
- "Judge"** Einer Anderson. High School.  
Could hardly be called a woman hater. Is neither as slow as a tortoise nor as fast as a hare. Has private opinions of his own. Is an all round sport, and is very popular with the Profs. "Kiel vi estas, Einer?"
- "Shortie"** De Vere Childs.  
"If you want to go to heaven and don't want to pay,  
Just climb Shortie's legs, and you'll be half way."  
Always sees the silver linings of the clouds, and scatters sunshine everywhere.
- "Billie"** Lothfield Young. High School.  
Lothfield leaves well prepared for College. Knows all about Physiography. Studies hard.
- "Blinks"** Bernard Nash.  
A Booster from the start. A hard-working, thorough-going student. Is of genial personality and has not a grain of prejudice in his make up. Is a popular student, and while he has been with us has been prominent in student affairs.
- "Green"** Florence Green. Normal.  
A Myster Girl who is a Mystery. May your bright smile ever radiate as it has at school.

**"Elaine."**

Eliza Hayes. Normal.

A lady worthy of her name. A good sport when she hasn't a plan to get. May your teachings in the future be as thorough as they have in the past.

Harry Phillips.

Here's to the man who thinks that hoeing potatoes is just as compatible with high thinking as playing the piano and challenges Prof. Lund to prove that it isn't.

**"Dot"**

Elfie Bean. Normal.

How can we live without Dot's glorious smile, unlimited wit and amiability to take us along our course? She has been smiling for us ever since 1908. Here's to your success and we doubt it not.

Nettie Tanner. Normal.

Not a grind, but a steady, even student, taking delight in everything, including class stunts.

**"V"**

Venice Clark. High School.

"V" is an all round jolly kid, yet never around too often; always busy enough to do her French, yet never too busy to lead in a hearty laugh and Rah! Rah! Life is just one long, broad, and smooth road for her, with good cheer at every milepost, and a string of followers after her. A cracker-jack sales lady behind the candy counter on Bazaar Day.

**"Rascal"**

Alice Wrathall. High School.

"A lavish planet reign'd when she was born,  
And made her of such kindred mould to heav'n;  
She seems more heav'n's than ours."

**"Andy"**

A. K. Smith.

"Even to the dullest peasant standing by,  
Who fastened still on him a wondering eye,  
He seemed the master spirit of the land."

**"Les"**

D. Leslie Spillsbury. High School.

Love and meekness become a churchman better than ambition;  
Win straying souls with modesty again cast none away.

**"Jim"**

James C. Whittaker.

Patience sat by him, in an angel's garb, and held out a full bowl of rich content, of which he largely quaffed.

**"Les"**

Lester Taylor.

"Poet! esteem thy noble part,  
Still listen, still record,  
Sacred historian of the heart,  
And moral nature's lord."

**"Marion"**

Elmarion Nicholes.

"Generous as brave.  
Affections, kindness and sweet offices  
Of love and duty were to him as needful  
As his daily bread."

**"Rob"**

Robert W. Nesbit. Commercial and High School.

Not for himself, but for the world he lives.

**"Demosthenes"**

James A. Bullock.

"Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
He raves, recites, and maddens all the land.

Maud Hibbert. Arts and Manual Training.

"A guardian angel o'er her life presides,  
Doubling her pleasures and cares dividing."

**"Mother"** Hasel Macdonald. Arts and Manual Training.  
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

Dean Clark.

"He's so full of pleasant anecdote;  
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit,  
Time vanishes before him as he speaks  
And ruddy morning thru the lattice peeps  
Ere night seems well begun."

Mary Shelley. Arts and Manual Training.

"Whate'er she did was done with so much ease,  
In her alone 'tis natural to please."

**"Ken"** Kenneth Roylance. Music.  
One of the few of our class to whom we owe much of its dignity. He has not said much, but helped matters more by doing. Will make a good addition to any College class.

Christa Prescott.

She has willing feet, a smile that is sweet, a kind, pleasant word for all who she meets, and that's why she is a Twelve.

**"Lin"** Linton Morgan.  
Lin's a business man, a deep thinker, an optimist, a man of strong personality; determined to win. See him at the '12s H. S. Trophy Cup.

**"Smiles"** Ella Hafen. High School.  
"A heavyweight from the Sunny South," both in knowledge and appearance. She hails from Utah's Dixie, where they raise men and women.

**"Tillie"** Stella Olson.  
We all know "Tillie." She wears the smile that never comes off. She likes all the boys, no "one" in particular. "Tillie" is a student, and has bright prospects of becoming a dramatic reader of great ability.

**"Dan"** D. D. McArthur. High School.  
Here's to the dentist to be. His ambition is to attend an Eastern College, and if fortune serves him right he will study in Chicago for the next three years. May he be as successful in fixing other heads as he has been in winning the hearts of the '12s H. S.

**"Girly"** Zeralda N. Nielson. High School.  
He is as hard to get acquainted with as his name is to say. The boys thought Zeralda was a girl all the first semester. He's not been with us long, but is a loyal worker. We shall hear of him later.

**"Silence"** Howard Bee.  
This Bee seemeth too busy to buzz.  
No man knoweth the thing he does.  
He carryeth his nectar from text book to teacher  
And in life's aspirations is indeed a high reacher.

**"Bizz"**

Florence Bee. Commercial and High School.

What she is and what she isn't  
 She is neither a big "B"  
 Nor a small "b,"  
 A "wood b,"  
 Nor a could be,"  
 A rag-bee,  
 Nor a sewing-bee;  
 But maybe  
 The buzzing Florence Bee.

?

**"Benj. Franklin"**

Irvin Tippits. High School.

Men of few words are the best men. Irvin is the quietest and most unassuming member of the class, but at the same time he is leaving behind him a most enviable record.

**"Pat"**

Earl M. Patterson.

We are all eyes when he is present, and all memory when he is gone.

Fern Greene. Normal.

A lady fair, with golden hair,  
 And eyes of softest blue;  
 She has her fun, like anyone,  
 And gets her lessons, too.

**"Floss"**

Florence Duffin.

Beauty, truth, and rarity, race in all simplicity.

**"Chatter-box"**

Eunice Robinson. High School.

And there is Eunice,  
 At study a lion,  
 At play a lamb.  
 She's not fond of eggs,  
 But she does love her "Ham."





## Engineer Higgs on Marriage

It was the next afternoon after the Girls' Party. Joseph Wootten and LeGrande Hardy met in the hall and were dreamily discussing their success in winning favors from the fairer sex. Finally Jay spoke up with an air of self-appreciation: "Fellows, I'm tired of chasing around all night and feeling tough all next day!"

"Now you're talking, boys! Now you have said something!" put in Higgs, who was standing near. Coming nearer, he continued: "How old are you kids, anyway? You're not old enough to quit wearing short pants yet, and talking of getting married."

"We're as old as half the fellows who get married. I know a dozen fellows who were married at twenty," rejoined Jay.

The big janitor smiled wilyly; then, turning serious, as if he were going to give some good advice for nothing, he began:

"Wootten, did you ever live on a farm?"

"Yes, I guess I have."

"Did you have a big herd of hogs?"

"Yes; I should say we did."

"Do you remember of ever feeding them hot swill?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, you know how they act. They all go crazy as soon as they hear you pour the swill in the trough. The first one sticks his nose in clean up to his eyes, but isn't long getting it out, and goes rooting in the dirt. The next one does the same, and every damned pig will stick his nose in that hot stuff and go off squealing. Do you know that is just exactly the way with you young bucks about getting married? Every one of you must get your nose burned before you will know enough to leave it alone, and then you know it's an awful long wedding that hasn't got a Reno."

Their work, so nobly done, speaks for itself.

—Val Larson.

Three cheers for the loyal two

Who have labored hard to push our Year Book through,  
—Erna Fletcher.

Reward offered for any person that can find two people who work more and boast less.

—Elfie Bean.



This explains why the Year Book has been made such a success.  
Lottie and M. G. P.  
Two of the busiest B's in the class.  
Your time and efforts, we can never repay.  
—Earl Greenhalgh.

In years to come, when we glance through the "Mizpah,"  
The two behind the scenes in duty's path—  
M. G. P. and our Lottie, the queenly lass—  
Will start our emotions to overflow.

—Orrin Baird.

Your work will be a lasting tribute to your loyalty and devotion to the class. We owe you a great debt of gratitude, which can never be repaid.

—Elnar Anderson.

Should it ever be my privilege to recommend the two classmates to whom we owe a lasting debt, I should simply present this beautiful book.

—B. H. Strlingham.

What they have done shall live in the hearts of their classmates.

—Merline Roylance.

Loyalty for the class and love for the school  
Is shown by hard work. That's their "golden rule."

—D. L. Spillsbury.

Those who enjoy the pleasures of the "Mizpah" should not forget the hours of labor that it took to prepare the work.

—Frank Winn.

If we Twelves only knew of the fame of these two,  
That have labored so hard for our cause,  
We could never regret, the day that we met;  
But example ourselves by their laws.

—J. F. Walton.

Never before in my experience have I seen two more original, more earnest workers than Miss Gibson and Mr. Poulson.

—Katie Chipman.

Praise to Lottie and Melvin for the success of the Year Book.

—C. J. Woods.













THE GREAT LINE



Tommie



Spears



THE ATTRACTION OF COLIATH

The  
Kath  
S  
11



OUR SCHOOL  
BELLE



NOTABLE GROUP



OUR SCHOOL CALLING



TO LEFT IN BEYOND



OUR FIRST  
TRIP TO  
SPRING  
MOUNTAIN



OUR FIRST TRIP TO SPRING MOUNTAIN



DEAR OLD MIP



ACUSTY  
SALUTES THE WOOD  
BY SANDY



High School Graduates.  
Norris/



Normal Graduates.  
High School





Commercial Graduates.



Graduates from the Music Department.



Arts and Manual Training Graduates.



Principle of Agricultural Department  
A. N. MERRILL





The Normals' father confessor.  
Normal. J. L. Brown.



The father of the class.  
Commercial. Earl J. Glade.



Our friend INDEED.  
E. H. Eastmond.  
Arts and Manual Training.



Our sole advisor.  
High School. E. S. Hinckley.



The soul of our mirth.  
Music. A. C. Lund.





Among the important developments of the present school year is the enthusiastic development of inter-class debates. For which we feel a deep indebtedness to our intrepid debating manager, Geo. Worthen. Having been early imbued with Bulwer Lytton's fiery sentiment, "In the lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," Mr. Worthen took up the responsibility of his office with energy and good cheer. He immediately set about to interest some of Provo's prominent business men, who cheerfully responded and furnished an elegant silver trophy cup; which remains the property of the school debating society, but the class and the class debaters of the winning team to be engraved upon the cup.

It is with pleasure that we here record the fact that our 1912 High School Class and their debating team, James A. Bullock and Irvin R. Tippetts, have the place of honor on the coveted trophy. Among the events of vital importance in our class history was the announcement handed down by the judges on the tenth day of March, 1912, in favor of the affirmative at the close of the most important debate in our class life, that the vexed and perplexing question which for decades had been puzzling the Solons and Websters of the United States Congress—"Resolved, that the U. S. Federal Government should establish a parcels post"—had been settled once and for all time by the matchless oratory and profound arguments of our James Demosthenes Bullock and our Benj. Franklin Tippetts.

Pres. E. S. Hinckley.



# The Book of Twelves

Being a record of the first battle of the tribe of Stringham, in the ninth year of the reign of Judge Brimhall.

1. Now behold, it came to pass in the ninth year of the reign of the righteous Judge Brimhall of the B. Y. U., there arose a mighty class of '12s, of the tribe of Stringham.
2. And it came to pass that they walked in the ways of their ruler, and because of their righteousness, they gained much favor in the sight of their Judge.
3. Lo, and behold, because of their righteousness, it came to pass that they gathered together for a time of rejoicing.
4. And it came to pass, while they were thus gathered together, the mighty hosts of the College, of the tribe of Beeley, rebelled against the '12s, in so much that they refused to let the '12s take instructions on their land, which is to the northward, on a narrow neck of land called Temple Hill.
5. Now it came to pass that on the 28th day of the tenth month, of the ninth year of the reign of Judge Brimhall, all of the tribes of the B. Y. U. gained favor in the sight of the judge in so much that they again gathered themselves together, yea, even for a time of great feasting and rejoicing.
6. But lo, and behold it came to pass that the sons of Beeley hardened their hearts against the sons of Stringham, in so much that there arose a great rebellion, and they gathered together their armies to destroy the sons of the tribe of Stringham.
7. Nevertheless, the sons of the tribe of Stringham assembled their forces together to cause vengeance to come upon the sons of the tribe of Beeley, and they sent a proclamation unto the sons of the tribe of Beeley, that they would fight for the right to receive instructions on whatsoever land was necessary they should.

8. And it came to pass that the daughters of the tribe of Stringham did assemble themselves together, and did take the top of the Maeser Memorial, burning all bridges behind them.

9. And it came to pass that they did gather together for a time of rejoicing to bring remorse upon the daughters of the tribe of Beeley, in so much that there was a continual war of tongues between them.

10. And lo, and behold, it came to pass that the sons of Stringham and the sons of Beeley, did meet together in mighty battle.

11. And now it came to pass, after the close of twenty minutes, after much bloodshed and many side shows, the sons of the tribe of Beeley were crushed, and retreated to the grandstand in sore remorse.

12. Now it came to pass that the sons and daughters of the tribe of Stringham did meet together for a time of great rejoicing and feasting.

13. And it came to pass that they did carry the laurels down town, yea even to the Bank Corner, and did dance and rejoice exceedingly.

14. Now lo, and behold it came to pass that the sons and daughters of the tribe of Beeley became exceeding meek and humbled, and the tribe of Stringham did continue to receive instructions on the land to the northward until the end of their days.

15. And this ends the record of the first battle of the sons of the tribe of Stringham and the sons of the tribe of Beeley, in the ninth year of the reign of Judge Brimhall, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Eleven.



# STUDENTS TO BUILD GATEWAY TO BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

**The '12's' High School Class  
Will Spend a Large Sum  
on a Magnificent Entrance  
to the School.**

(Special to the Herald-Republican)

The 1912 High School class of the Brigham Young University, numbering 150 high school graduates, will leave a monument at the B. Y. U. that will be a lasting tribute to the memory of that organization. The students some time ago decided they would build a gateway to the high school and Normal buildings, so immediately set to work surveying the south-

west corner of the high school campus. After carefully figuring out the cost of building a gateway that would be a credit to the institution, the students found that it would cost them \$1,000 to do the work, but voted unanimously to put in the gateway.

P. C. Peterson, the present editor of the White and Blue, and one of the directors of the Sanpete Stone Company, offered the class \$150.00 worth of white stone of the finest quality. Architect J. E. Allen drew up the plans.

The base will be built of granite and cement, while the capping will be of white stone. It will be one of the finest gateways ever erected in front of a college. Work will commence the first of next week, and the students hope to have it completed by the first of May.





GEORGE H. BRIMHALL }  
JOSEPH B. KEELER } PRESIDENCY  
EDWIN S. HINCKLEY }

OFFICE OF THE  
PRESIDENCY  
OF THE  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY  
AND  
CHURCH NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL  
PROVO, UTAH

May 11, 1911.

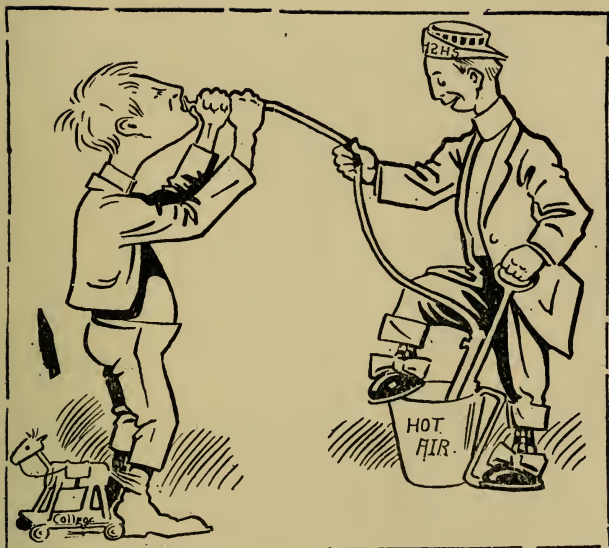
To the Presidency and Members  
of the Third Year High School Class,  
Brigham Young University.

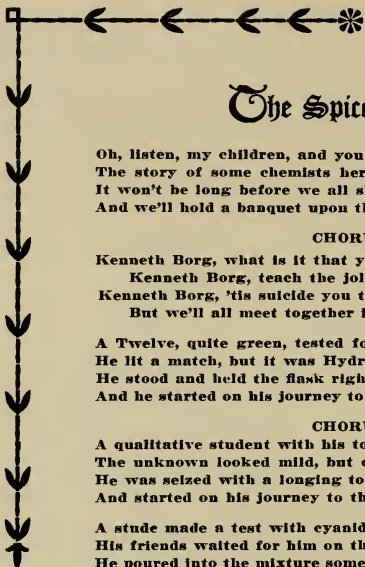
My dear Students:

Even at this late hour I hope you will accept my appreciation of the invitation to attend your festivities Saturday evening, May 6. It is needless for me to say that through school affairs and other circumstances, over which I have no control, I was not able to be present. I appreciate the invitation very much and shall place it away and cherish it as one of my school treasures. If the party was as unique as the program is it certainly must have been an enjoyable affair.

Very truly yours,

*Geo. H. Brimhall*





## The Spice of Life

Oh, listen, my children, and you shall hear  
The story of some chemists here.  
It won't be long before we all shall have died,  
And we'll hold a banquet upon the other side.

### CHORUS

Kenneth Borg, what is it that you teach us?  
Kenneth Borg, teach the jolly band?  
Kenneth Borg, 'tis suicide you teach us,  
But we'll all meet together in the promised land.

A Twelve, quite green, tested for Oxygen.  
He lit a match, but it was Hydrogen;  
He stood and held the flask right in his hand,  
And he started on his journey to the promised land.

### CHORUS

A qualitative student with his tongue took a lick;  
The unknown looked mild, but contained arsenic.  
He was seized with a longing to join the band,  
And started on his journey to the promised land.

A stude made a test with cyanide,  
His friends waited for him on the other side;  
He poured into the mixture some  $H_2SO_4$ ,  
And he followed in the footsteps of those who'd gone below.

Doc. Fletcher is the Physic Prof.  
He's new to us, so we should not scoff;  
But when he thinks that he can kick us out,  
We'll cease to think that he's a good old scout.

Harvey Fletch—he's plumb full of mechanics;  
Harvey Fletch—he's made of light and heat;  
Harvey Fletch—he goes through funny antics,  
" 'Cause he suffers with acceleration of the feet."

And then there's Isometric Chester Snow,  
He rips us up, when in our lessons we are slow;  
His head's so big he cannot think,  
And the files all use it for a skating rink.

Chester Snow—he's crystallized and moulded;  
Chester Snow—his head's a 'clinal dome;  
Chester Snow—he looks just like a fossil;  
And soon he'll join the bunch down at the Orphan's Home.

And then we can't forget Prof. Wm. J. Snow  
He never speaks of his classes as slow,  
His weight is nothing, as he is six feet tall;  
And he won't even flunk you if you do not work at all.

William J.—he likes to tell us stories;  
William J.—he's quite a preacher, too;  
William J.—when he doesn't know the lesson;  
He tells us of the things he used to do.

—PENOBSCOT.

Woods—"Well, Brother Partridge, what do you think of that subject?"

Prof. Partridge—"I don't think—I know."

Woods—"Well, you see, I'm in the same fix—I don't think I know."

Rasmussen—"If we should look at this dog's lungs, what would we see?"

Chauncey—"The seat of his pants."

Carlie once had a fine beau,  
He took her, one night, to the sheau,  
When the curtain went down,  
He said with a frown,  
By Jeau, you kneau, we must geau.

Bry—May I?

Kate—No.

Bry—Why not?

Kate—Because.

Bry—All right.

Kate—Well?

Bry—Oh!

Kate—Stop!!

Bry—Never.

Kate—I'll scream.

Bry—Scream.

Kate—Too late.

Bry—Good-bye.

Kate—Stay.

Bry—Why?

Kate—Oh, well?

Bry—More?

Kate—Oh, well.

Bry—There!

## Faculty Meeting

1. Present Motion.
2. Pass It.
3. Discuss It.
4. Reconsider It.
5. Amend It.
6. Discuss It.
7. Amend the Amendment.
8. Move to lay it on the table.
9. Discuss It.
10. Refer it to committee with power to act.
11. Discuss It.
12. Adjourn.
13. Discuss It.

"For goodness' sake, Katie, how long did you boil these eggs?"

"Just as long as you told me to, Miss Redd."

"Impossible. They're hard as bricks."

"I boiled them just twelve minutes."

"Twelve? Why, I told you that three minutes was long enough for an egg!"

"Yes; but, Miss Redd, I boiled four of them."

Liza—"You are the first man I ever permitted to kiss me."

Jack—"And you are the first girl I ever kissed. Will you marry me?"

Liza—"I wouldn't marry a liar."

Jack—"I would."



Andy K. Smith was giving his first sermon, and had nearly reached the climax when one of his German listeners landed a cabbage head at his feet. A. K. picked it up, and then, gazing out over the audience, he said: "Thank you. This is more than I had any reason to expect. It is the first time any one has ever lost his head over my sermons."

"Now, why should we have pennies?" complained DeVere.

"I don't know," answered Clarence J., "unless it is to enable the Faculty to be charitable."

We were condoling our chaperones because they lived alone. "Save your pity," said Leona, indignantly. "We have a dog that growls, a parrot that swears, a lamp that smokes, and a cat that stays out nights. Now, why should we get married?"

Two thirds of Jim Bullock's troubles wear petticoats.

E. H. E.—"Why, Lynn, what are you drawing?"

Lynn—"I'm drawing a picture of God."

E. H. E.—"Oh! nobody knows how God looks."

Lynn—"They will when I get this done."

Erma—"Did he really say I was dove-like?"

Joe Walton—"Well, not exactly. He said you were pigeon-toed."

Emily A.—"I wonder why Florence Green is afraid to venture out in a shower?"

Ethel—"She's hunting a husband, maybe."

Emily—"What has that to do with it."

Ethel—"She believes in keeping her powder dry."

There are one million microbes on a twenty dollar bill, but the death rate among the compilers of the "Mizpah" caused by handling these is very low.

What is the difference between Bee and a book agent? Bee hasn't the nerve to sting you more than once.

If Leo washed his socks in Freshwater, would Bri Stringham? No, but Clarence Wood.

Fern C—"Weren't you shy when the President asked you your age at registration, Myrtle?"

Myrtle K—"Yes, dear; about ten years shy."

Zora—"Don't you think I sing with feeling, Melvin?"

Melvin—"Er—no; if you had any feeling you wouldn't sing."





Jay had better take some oats to bed with him to feed that night mare of his. Last night he dreamed he was dying, and this is what he said: "I am gone! Yes-er-I know. Go to Hattie. Tell her-er-I died with-her name on-my lips; that I-er-have loved-her-her alone-er-always. And Eva-tell-er-tell Eve the same thing."

Eliza Hayes, in training—"Jonnie Jones, you are the naughtiest boy I know of; you're not fit to sit by decent people. Come right up here and sit down by me."

Jack J.—"I wear gloves during the night to keep my hands soft."

Liza—"And do you wear your hat, too?"

Greenhalgh—"Say, Sharp, lend me a twenty."

Sharp—"Oh! go off; if I gave you a twenty you would be making as much noise around here as a kicking mule in a tin stable."

Earl A.—"I am trying my best to get ahead."

Venice—"Well, heaven knows you need one."

Bri, in Student Body—"Gentlemen, my opinion is that the generality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the generality of—"

Dave—"Sh! sit down, Bri; you're coming out of the same hole you went in."

"Women's minds are much cleaner than men's," said Lucile.

"They ought to be," replied Chance; "they change them so much oftener."

Merline—"How do you like my rendering Elfie?"

Elfie—"You ought to be with Wagner."

Merline—"How do you like my rendering, Elfie?"

Elfie—"Well, I know it."

Emily—"Well, Brother Chamberlin, what is the best road to heaven?"

"Turn to the right and go straight on."

J—"I can't tell you who my best man friend is, but I can tell you who my bosom girl friend is."

Hattie—"Oh! who is it?"

J—"The laundry girl who does my shirts."





## A Decade Hence in Vision

I stepped into Briant's parlor,  
Three black-eyed kids I spied.  
Katie looked tired and weary.  
"Bry's off to band," she sighed.

In a little shabby kitchen,  
Mid a dozen toey heads,  
Who is there but Lottie.  
"This is real life," she said.

There's a mansion grand and tall,  
What a banker calls his home,  
By a cheerless hearth of stone,  
Sits our Melvin with a phone.

On a little country corner,  
In a granary of a store,  
I peeped behind the counter,  
Saw Clarence J. and peanuts 3 or 4

I thot to see a minstrel.  
So took a seat on front row,  
Up there thumping the old piano  
With her head askew—Miss Roylance I know.

As I took the elevator to my room,  
 Which was located on the ninth floor.  
 "Hellow old classmate," from Earl Greenhalgh,  
 Working the buttons inside the door.

Would you think Lucile a nurse?  
 That's what seems to puzzle me.  
 At least she'll have the "training,"  
 And, if perseverance counts, an M. D.

Vern, the great and famous centre,  
 Of a reservation farm I mean,  
 Also a dozen lazy youngsters,  
 In his back yard were seen.

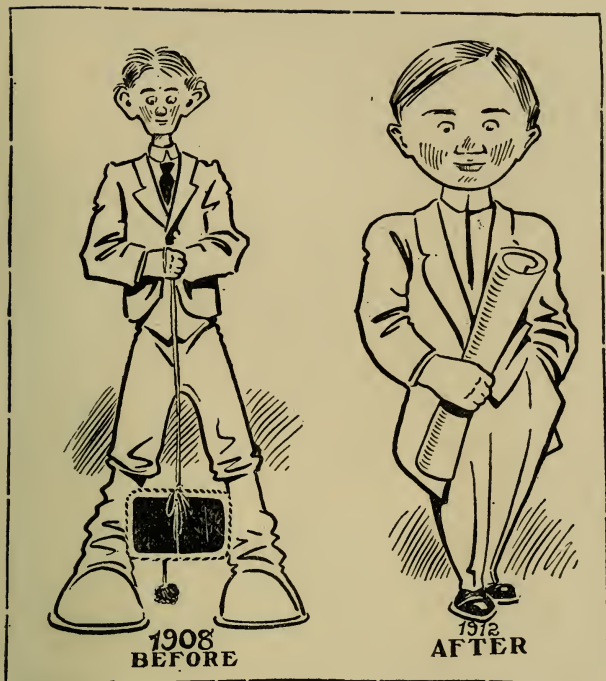
"Belle" the belle of school you remember,  
 Always so gay among the boys,  
 Is still going to college,  
 Hoping to know no other joys.

They took me to the hospital,  
 As I had a broken knee,  
 The second day a message came,  
 "Our Freddie" brought it up to me.

Fern got married very soon,  
 Some say the very next day.  
 I saw her teaching Sunday School,  
 "Let little children come unto me."







Four years of school at B. Y. U.  
Bring many a striking change.  
The pictures of four years ago  
Now seem so quaint and strange.

For instance take these pictures  
Of our jolly Clarence J.  
Just note the many changes  
The kind, and in what way

A little boy in knee pants  
He was four years ago.  
Now he's a 1912 sport  
Say, don't B. Y. U. grow?

## What the Banyon Thinks of Us

"A stalwart race by harmony thus bound  
Who laid opposing barriers to the ground;  
We, in derision, scorn despairing throes,  
Pluck diadems of victory from our foes."

This is the way in which the '12s H. S. see themselves. And, in looking back over their class history one will see that they have some grounds for this rather egotistic attitude.

Immediately upon entering school, they showed their aggressiveness by dragging the '11s H. S. through the mill-race. Ever since then they have been up to their tricks (especially with those unfortunate foes) by taking the first inter-class baseball series in which they competed, the Founder's Day track meet of last fall, and inter-class wrestling championships this year.

Ever since entering school, they have proved themselves to be as they say: the stalwart class who "pluck diadems of victory from their foes."

They are the kind who, with enough time and patient training will make good college guys.

In looking back over our high school career many pleasing and encouraging reminiscences come to mind. Our class contests have been a source of joy and profit, and though we have often been downed, we have won more than our share of victories.

## The 11's Confession

Perhaps our strongest rivals have been the '12s H. S., and we confess that they are a commendable aggregation. Although we have often become a little stern in times of strong rivalry, we vacate our place for the '12s with the best of feelings and the assurance of worthy successors. We wish to acknowledge our appreciation of their banquet and ball given in our honor. It was not only a creditable entertainment, but in many respects a model. We admire your initiative and push, '12s, and wish you as much success in your future undertakings as attended your efforts in entertaining the '11s.

'11s H. S.—D. J. W.



# ATHLETICS





Vern Greenwood: not green in the sense of being mildewy; not an ever-green in the sense of being static; but Vern, the man of action; not a Demosthenes before the public; but work, wiggle, and win personified.





Breathes there a boy with hair dark, light, or red,  
 Who never to himself hath said:  
 "This is my school; it can't be beat."  
 Whose spacious stomach never churned  
 Inside its owner while he yearned  
 To go and help his classmates eat?

If such there be, go get the shears—  
 That shiny pair of Budeliers.  
 Stout though his stature, "Fat" his name,  
 Auburn his locks as wish could claim;  
 Despite that head with all its swell,  
 This lad who loves himself so well,  
 Shall gain some unsought-for renown  
 By being chased half way through town,  
 Caught; to the earth by his classmates borne  
 And ignominiously shorn.

## Class Bells

A Flag of White!!  
A Flag of Blue!!  
A One and Nine!!  
A One and Two!!  
It stands for Twelves!  
The ones who DO!!

One! Nine! One! Two!  
One! Nine! One! Two!  
Twelves! Twelves!!  
Clas-sy! Lad-dies!  
Sas-sy! Las-sies!  
One! Nine! One! Two!  
One! Nine! One! Two!  
Twelves! Twelves!!

Rush 'Em! Squash 'Em! Mush 'Em! Slush 'Em!  
Kill Their Music! Quietus! Hush 'Em!!  
Do some chinning!! Work yourselves!!  
Tigers! Tamales!! Victory! Twelves!!

Sic 'Em!! Lick 'Em!!  
Seize 'Em! Cheese 'Em! Freeze 'Em!!  
Zip-p-p!! Rip-p-p!!  
Fly at 'Em! Eat 'Em Up! Do It Now!!  
Twelves!! Twelves!!

“Stick together, Twelves. You're a sure win.”

### HOW TO EDIT A YEAR BOOK

When there's something really good,  
Keep it out.  
For you know you really should  
Keep it out.  
Stories thin and stories tall,  
Good and bad, and big and small,  
Any thing that's fun at all,  
Keep it out.

When a student makes a flunk,  
Keep it out.  
When a chapel song is punk,  
Keep it out.  
When two friends in anger clash,  
When an athlete wins the dash,  
Or somebody donates cash,  
Keep it out.

If they quarrel when at church,  
Keep it out.  
If the Prof. should wield the birch,  
Keep it out.  
When nine co-eds, fair to see,  
Whisper something over tea,  
Print it? Goodness gracious me,  
Keep it out.

**Tune—Put Your Arms Around Me Honey**

Raise the dear old banner of the White and Blue,  
Cudgel up your loyalty; it's up to you  
To be the best class in the school.  
Work hard—that is our golden rule.  
When other students look at us their hearts will start  
And with envy they'll wish they were half as smart.  
O 12s! stick to your name, and we'll all—do what?  
Reach fame!

We're the class that showed the college we were some,  
And tonight we mean to have a different kind of fun.  
O boys! we think a lot of you;  
O girls! we promise to be true.  
Our cheering from the College building helped you fight,  
And, dear girls, we mean to pay you back tonight.  
O 12s! you are some game, and you bet—We'll what?  
Reach fame!

**Tune—Jolly Students**

We're a band of loyal students come from South, North, East  
and West,

You will know us when you see us by our emblem, '12 H. S.  
On the campus and in school rooms you will find us in the lead,  
For in athletics and lessons we are determined to succeed,  
So every sister high school class, no matter which it is,  
Will bow before the greatness of our bunch of loyal '12s,  
And their many gallant colors must be dipped without ado  
To that peerless, fearless banner of our White and Navy Blue.

**CHORUS**

For we are jolly students of the B. Y. U.  
We're here to do;  
Our colors are just White and Blue,  
We've got the nip and grit of America,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
We're the kind who dare and do.

You may talk about your college fair, Harvard and old Yale,  
And all the Universities, whose banners brave the gale,  
Of the azure flag of Cambridge and old Oxford's noble blue,  
That fly in far-off England, over hearts both staunch and true;  
From the sunny shores of 'Frisco, up to distant Portland, Maine,  
Away off to the Philippines, and way back home again,  
There's no college, university, or school can ever show  
So brave, so true, so great a crew of students as we know.

## Dizpah

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from the other."

Go thou thy way and I go mine;  
 Apart, yet not afar;  
 Only a thin veil hangs between  
 The Pathways where we are;  
 And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"  
 This is my prayer;  
 He looks thy way. He looketh mine,  
 And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,  
 Or which way mine may be;  
 If mine will lead through parching sands,  
 And thine beside the sea;  
 Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me.  
 So never fear;  
 He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,  
 And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine,  
 And my lot lowly be,  
 Or you be sad or sorrowful,  
 And glory be for me:  
 Yet "God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,"  
 Both be His care,  
 One arm 'round thee and one 'round me  
 Will keep us near.

I'll sigh sometimes to see thy face,  
 But since this cannot be,  
 I'll leave thee to the care of Him  
 Who cares for thee and me.  
 "I'll keep thee both beneath my wings,"  
 This comfort dear,  
 One wing o'er thee and one o'er me,  
 So we are near.

And though our paths be separate,  
 And thy way is not mine,  
 Yet, coming to the mercy seat,  
 My soul will meet with thine;  
 And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"  
 I'll whisper there.  
 He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,  
 And we are near.

—J. A. B.



**W**E desire to make an acknowledgment of our appreciation to teachers, students, friends, and publishers, who have assisted in making this book a possibility. The help of the business men who have kindly placed advertisements herein was purely a matter of good-fellowship, and we extend a most hearty vote of thanks to them. We thank them one and all and promise to stand back of them in so far as we are able, and help them as they have helped us.





### *For Memory's Sake*

We'll scent the fragrance from afar.  
"So shall a friendship fill each heart  
With perfume sweet as roses are;  
That even though we be apart,





## *We Embrace the Opportunity*

to invite you to make the acquaintance of this store and its methods.

We want you to know us, but we want you to know our Furniture and Household Goods more.

Pay us a visit and see what extraordinary values we offer, what price reductions we have accomplished without sacrificing an atom of our usual high quality.

**Barton & Blake Furniture Co.**

*We Specialize on Coats,  
Suits and Dresses for  
Women and Children*

We carry in stock a  
complete range of sizes  
from 14 years to size 47.

Our prices:

Suits from \$9.50 to \$35.

Coats from \$5 to \$25.

Dresses for women,  
\$3.50 to \$25.

Dresses for children,  
25c to \$5.

Our goods cost no more  
but look better.

Send us your mail order.

**R. R. Irvine & Son**

45 Academy Ave., Provo, Utah

*The  
Wm. M. Roylance  
& Company*

*PROVO, UTAH*

Utah's largest—  
handles Fruit,  
Produce,  
Alfalfa Seed,  
Honey, etc.

Write or wire  
us if you  
want to buy  
or sell.

## *The Difference*

All camera pictures are photographs, but not all camera pictures are good photographs.

There's where ours are different. They're all good.

**Larson & Nygreen  
Studio**

32 W. Center St.  
Probo, Utah

## *The Only Drug Store on Academy Avenue*

Prescriptions  
and Mail  
Orders  
a Specialty

Free Delivery  
System

**Probo Drug  
Company**

Phone 50



**Maiben Glass  
& Paint Co.**

272 West Center  
Provo

**Congratulations**

WISHING  
YOU  
ALL  
SUCCESS  
THROUGH  
LIFE

When in Provo call on the  
OLD RELIABLES

**FARRER BROS. &  
COMPANY**

JOHN W. FARRER, Manager



## True Education

Should consist in developing from the inside out, the bringing to their own, by work and environment, of the latent possibilities of our inheritance. A quasi-education, mere polish, is deserving only of contempt.

While we have always paid due attention to the outward appearance of all our products, we constantly followed above rule, always building our goods from the INSIDE out, in an ideally sanitary environment. The beautiful finish which our products always possess is a NATURAL consequence of high QUALITY. The PUREST of materials, skillfully compounded and blended, is what has made

*Startup's*  
CHOCOLATES

famous the country over. Always say STARTUP'S CHOCOLATES and be assured of the highest quality.

Do you chew BUY-ROZ gum? It's GREAT.

All to the good for  
all of us—

Roycroft and Society  
Brand Clothes

Regal and Florsheim  
Shoes

Stetson Hats

SUITS FROM  
\$10.00 to \$35.00

**The Toggery**  
Headquarters for  
Students

## *A Purpose In Life*

We have one. It is to lead in the house-furnishing business of Utah.

Forty-six years of continued success make us feel that we are on the right track.

Ten different makes of pianos in our Piano Department, including the sweet-toned Emerson.

Visitors are invited to go through our beautiful store.

All made welcome.

**Taylor Bros. Co.**  
Provo, Utah

## *The Accumulation of Money*

Is a habit which must be cultivated. As you bend to your task, you must have a strong, deep purpose to earn more than you spend. Every dollar wasted makes you a slave to your task, but every dollar deposited in this bank helps to set you free. You give the best of your life to earn money: therefore, you should value your money as you value your life. Begin now to cultivate the banking habit and open an account with

## **The Farmers & Merchants Bank** Provo, Utah

T. N. Taylor, Pres.

J. D. Dixon, Cashier.

Anyone anywhere can bank with us by mail.

# LIGHT HEAT POWER

EVERYTHING  
ELECTRICAL



**The Electric  
Company**  
46 N. Academy Ave  
Provo, Utah

*The Mark of Park—A Guarantee*

## FINE JEWELRY

It has been our constant endeavor for half a century to establish and maintain a reputation for only the best work and goods.

Our name today stands for the best to be had in gold and silver ware and is a guarantee of value and worth.

We make a specialty of school jewels, including medals, pins and class rings.



IN BUSINESS 50 YEARS

PRESS OF THE DESERET NEWS  
SALT LAKE CITY











